

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JULY 18, 1936

NEXT WEEK

THOSE TERRIBLE CONVERTS, or some such title, will be a warning to those like Belloc, born in the Church. It will be "a battle cry to rally all Catholic-born members of the Church to get together before being pushed aside." The author, comparatively new to our readers, is MARY E. MCCLAUGHLIN.

BEYOND PROHIBITION'S SHADOW announces that the new generation has arrived, another new generation to succeed that lost one of which we talked so much. How they voted to take the pledge is told by FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE.

DANIEL A. LORD was cast aside, in this week's issue, in favor of Pope Pius. When the Encyclical on Motion Pictures was issued, the Editor had to find space for his comments, and so postponed the publication of WELCOME HOME TO IRELAND.

AN ART COLUMN is the next fulfilment of our promises to make AMERICA comprehensive in its treatment of the questions of the day. The program is set down by HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

LEONARD FEENEY has managed to complete his poem to Our Lady with the assistance of 103 other poets, and will tell some of the reactions to the recent Marian selections in A SCHERZO CONTEST AND OTHER THINGS.

RUSSIA'S NEW CONSTITUTION—abroad it is advertised as a swing to democracy and a pledge of religious freedom. What it means at home is revealed by JOHN LAFARGE.

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COMMENT

THE delightful *mañana* spirit of the Filipino people has definitely yielded to a period of stirring activity. Catholic Philippines, with the eyes of the world on its new venture in self-government, is preparing to play host to the world in its first great manifestation of unity, Catholic unity, in the Thirty-third International Eucharistic Congress to be held in Manila, February 3-7, 1937. Sectional Eucharistic Congresses have been and are being held all over the Islands. Eucharistic retreats, tridua, missions, study clubs, radio broadcasts, newspaper and magazine articles in an ever-swelling stream have been educating the people to a deeper realization of the meaning of the great event, with a consequent increase of interest and enthusiasm. The various committees, under the leadership of the Archbishop of Manila and Cebu and the Bishops of the Islands (most of them native Filipinos) have been doing their work well; and the result will be a manifestation of the Catholic heart of the Philippines in a tropical setting that will need no embellishment. Chicago's final procession marched along Chicago's famous lake front. Manila's procession will wind its way along a palm-banked boulevard where not so many years ago the Pacific Ocean rolled up to the very walls of old Manila, and at the final benediction, the voices of the worshippers will blend with the roar of the surf. A new nation, a Catholic nation will pay its tribute to its Eucharistic King.

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SWEET are the uses of dictatorship, at least in a Germany getting ready for the Olympic summer. The Nazi organ, *Angriff*, spreads over its front page, so the New York Times reports, an impassioned appeal for all good Nazis to come to the aid of their country by being polite, even the Storm Troopers. The *Angriff* exhorts prince and peasant throughout the Third Reich to be "more charming than the Parisians, more easy-going than the Viennese, more vivacious than the Romans, more cosmopolitan than London, more practical than New York." Such astounding ambitions are impossible in a democracy. After many decades, New York is only New York, not Boston, nor yet Chicago. And the purpose of this new nation-wide politeness? Walter Funk of the Nazi Propaganda Ministry draws the veil: "Tourism is an important weapon in the struggle for the re-establishment of Germany's world rank." He did not say it was the only one nor the best. Yet surely the editor of *Angriff* only meant to flatter his neighbors on the Seine and the Danube. Most recently the charming Parisians were engaged in rioting and chair-tossing, while in Vienna the Nazis themselves see ease kept at a minimum. If only the Nazis could be just, one could forgive their veneer of politeness.

OPENING the morning paper, we read: "At a recent national, interdiocesan convention of Catholic clergymen, held at Atlantic City, it was voted that the United States Government be petitioned to exempt Catholics from military service, on the same basis that the Society of Friends (Quakers) enjoy such exemption." If we did read this—which we have not read nor expect to read—what would be the effect of such a communication upon our fellow-countrymen? Within forty-eight hours the press, pulpits, and lecture platforms of the United States would ring with denunciations of Catholics for seeking to evade the common burden of citizenship; and the appeal to the Quakers would be stigmatized as quite beside the point, in view of the traditionally and essentially non-resistant character of the Friends' organization. At the very best, hardly a strategic move for a suspicioned minority. Have, then, our Jewish brethren taken time off to consider the singular effect upon the public of the resolution adopted at Cape May on June 25 by the Central Conference of Jewish Rabbis, which sought, as reported the following day, exemption of Jews from military service "in accordance with the highest interpretation of Judaism." Embodied in the report of the Social Justice Commission of the Conference, made by Dr. Sidney Goldstein of New York, chairman, the recommendation "aims at a status equal to that enjoyed by 'the Society of Friends and similar religious organizations.'" Suppose such exemption were granted, what amicable sentiments would be entertained toward the Jews by those soldiers of other religious groups who enjoyed no such protecting exemption, and found themselves gaily marching off to defend their country while the privileged ones remained at home to enjoy the fruits of war as well as of peace? The Conference's intentions are undoubtedly pacific, but they seem to have chosen a method ill-adapted to promote domestic concord.

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MANY Catholics will be attending the Texas Centennial Exposition this summer. In the midst of the brightly decked, laughing, gay holiday crowds that fill the streets and pour in and out of the concessions on the Exposition Grounds at Dallas they will be reminded of their true home. Hourly over the cries of the barkers and the shouts and songs of the crowds and the brassy noise of the bands will come to their ears the silvery music of the chimes in the bell tower of Socorro Church, a replica of one of Texas' earliest missions. Into its cool twilight they can slip for sanctuary. There they will find a miniature of the first crude chapel erected at Ysleta and the bell which hung above the Alamo long before it became a symbol and a watchword. Manuscripts, books, missals, vestments

and other priceless relics which portray the Church's historical, cultural, and religious work in Texas from 1519 to 1936 are exhibited within its walls. Catholics will thrill to the thought that they are blood brothers of those missionaries who first brought Christianity and civilization to this great State. Perhaps for the first time they will realize the Catholicity of the Church. She is found as much at home in the midst of the milling throngs of the Exposition as in the quiet of a mountain village. Christ walks again on the waters of the lagoon at Dallas as He once walked on the waves of the Sea of Galilee.

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JUST now Danzig is the worst place in the world to keep mentally cool. The Free City's inner strife suddenly transferred to the big stage of Geneva created a furore and a hubbub of speculation as to what Poland will think of Nazi denunciations of the League's administration, and will Poland lose such Platonic love as she still professes for the Reich? Feelings nowhere in the world were soothed by the rapid succession of events, when Arthur Greiser, Nazi president of the Danzig Senate, stormed in from the North to denounce the League for its alleged crimes but a few days after the Lion of Juda had seared League halls with a hot sirocco from the South. Italians are still sore because Geneva journalists were sore at Italian journalists for being mad at Haile Selassie; while now German journalists are sore at Geneva journalists for being mad at Herr Greiser because he was mad at the Geneva journalists. It is all a little dizzying. But amid all the turmoil, there is a pacifying note. The highest authorities of Church and State alike, in Danzig, are Irishmen. Irish is the League's High Commissioner, whose office is to be a pillar of peace among clouds of whirling political passions. Irish, at least by name and descent, as well as by affection, is the Free City's Catholic Bishop, whose job, conscientiously done, is to shepherd Pole and German alike with an impartial affection. Did God smile when He gave the chief peace-making job in the world's hottest spot to two Irishmen? Maybe. But maybe not. Those who are fighters born have the least love for quarreling over unworthy issues.

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THE Chesterbelloc has turned from the horizontal to the vertical position. Half of it is now in heaven. Named by George Bernard Shaw and defined as "an animal with four legs and capable of doing infinite harm," it still pulsates as one sympathetic and intellectual entity, though, of course, only Belloc now gives forth its utterances on this side of the grave. In a recent issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature* Belloc pays his bosom brother a masterful tribute, measuring up, even in his sorrow, to the height of his powers: "I knew him, I think, as well as any man ever knew another, not only from the depth of my affection, nor only for the intimacy and very long acquaintance of that intimacy—close on forty years—you may say the

lifetime of a man, but most of all because so thoroughly did my mind jump with his, so fully did his answer meet the question my own soul was always asking, that his conclusions, the things he found and communicated, his solutions of the great riddles, his stamp of certitude, were soon part of myself. Therefore the testimony I bear to him is true." Speaking of Chesterton's conversion Belloc declares: "I was not when I first met him as alive to the strength of that word 'Catholic' as I am today; I myself have gone through a pilgrimage of approach, to a beginning at least of understanding in the matter; but it was never my good fortune to bear witness by the crossing of a frontier: a public act. I was born within the walls of the City of God: he saw it, approached it, knew it, and entered. I know not which is for the run of men the better fate, but his was of our two fates the better."

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CANADIAN Catholics now offer a little monthly magazine that claims fellowship with the *Catholic Worker* of London, New York, Australia and New Zealand. The *Social Forum*, "published monthly for the clarification of social thought by the Catholic Social Study Conference," of Ottawa, Canada, clearly outlines its policy and its aims in its first editorial: "First, to put before our readers evidence of existing social disorder. Second, to suggest practical measures by which each individual may discharge his social obligations. Third, to present those Christian social principles upon which any lasting reform must be based." The first of its aims it strives to accomplish in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, without bitterness or pessimism. Calmly and quietly it says: "Here are our problems." And eagerly it rushes on to give practical, pointed Catholic solutions with all the confidence and enthusiasm that we expect in a new magazine, but with a friendly graciousness that is strangely mature in so young a fighter.

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SAILORS and professional fishermen seldom enter into our urban-clogged minds. It is like a breath from the salty sea to read the releases sent out every so often from the Apostleship of the Sea with headquarters on Eccleston Square, London. In the latest, that valiant sea-farer, Father Martindale, issues an eloquent appeal to the world-minded to interest themselves in the Catholic Action of the men who sail the sea, the sea being international and the Church being supernational. This international character was stressed at the Maritime Congress held recently at Sables d'Olonne, Vendée, where delegates from ten nations participated. The United States was not listed, though Canada and Argentina were. The Congress ended with the Bishop of Luçon leading a fleet of sixty fishing vessels out to sea. There, while those on shore and those of the boats chanted, he blessed the sea and the ships. After the *Ave Maris Stella*, came the *De Profundis* for all who found their haven beneath the waves.

POPE PIUS SPEAKS ON MOVIES

Leading the way for the next advance

THE EDITOR

WHOEVER may have doubted about two matters may cease speculating. The first matter concerns the Papacy, and especially the Papacy under the present reigning Pontiff. It is alert; it is contemporary up to the hour of each passing day; it is accurately and comprehensively informed; it sees good and bad in human affairs with clear eyes, and has clear vision of the power of good and bad; it is as interested in the helpfulness of science as of art; it is fair, balanced, decisive in its judgments. The second matter amounts to this: the Legion of Decency has attained its objective in the United States, and has been accorded enthusiastic praise in the Encyclical *Vigilante cura* of Pope Pius XI.

The Encyclical on the Motion Pictures issued on July 2 is profoundly significant. Breaking it up into its basic ideas, one finds that it concerns itself with both the positive and negative aspects of motion pictures as art, recreation, science and industry; with directive and legislative enactments of a practical nature; with true principles of morality and citizenship; with a look at the past of the industry and an exhortation for the future of the art.

His Holiness spares no reproaches for the movies up till the time the Bishops of the United States decided that vigorous action must be taken. He recurs again and again to the "lamentable progress of the motion picture art and industry in the portrayal of sin and vice." He refers to the fact that they "often, unfortunately, serve as an incentive to evil and passion and are subordinated to sordid gain." He notes that "the more marvelous is the progress of the motion picture art and industry, the more pernicious and deadly has it shown itself to morality, to religion, and even to the very decencies of human society."

His mind, however, is expressed with equal emphasis on the power for good inherent in motion pictures. He recognizes them as being of "great advantage to learning and education were they properly directed by healthy principles"; as "valuable auxiliaries of instruction and education"; as a most potent means of influencing the masses; as of a nature to "teach the majority of men more effectively than abstract reasoning" can teach; so that "the motion picture with its direct propaganda assumes a position of commanding influence."

Having established, throughout the Encyclical, this thesis on the power of the motion pictures *for good*, His Holiness goes beyond and urges that the cinema be directed in its possibilities *for good*. It is this feature of the Papal pronouncement that this Review seizes most avidly. As AMERICA has lead in the attack on evil motion pictures, so will it plan, from now on, for the production of good motion pictures.

Several times does his Holiness give the lead in this endeavor. He would wish that the existing industry produce pictures that are acceptable to decent people, Catholic and non-Catholic. He indicates that he wishes more. He states that the pictures "may be made to serve in a practical way to promote the extension of the kingdom of God upon earth." He notes later that the cinema "must be elevated to conformity with the aims of the Christian conscience," that "it be transformed into an effectual instrument for the education and elevation of mankind." Most revealing is his assertion: "The problem of the production of moral films would be solved radically if it were possible for us to have the production wholly inspired by the principles of Christian morality."

With wisdom does the Pope make two observations about motion pictures. One is that "it is necessary to apply to the cinema a supreme rule which must direct and regulate even the greatest of arts in order that it may not find itself in continual conflict with Christian morality or even simply with human morality based upon natural law. The essential purpose of art, its *raison d'être*, is to assist in the perfecting of moral personality, which is man. For this reason it must itself be moral." The cinema is an art, however, that involves predominantly the purpose of recreation. Hence, he asserts in another part of the Encyclical: "Recreation in its manifold variety . . . must be worthy of the rational nature of man and, therefore, must be morally healthy. It must be elevated to the rank of a positive factor for good and must seek to arouse a noble sentiment."

All of these statements in the Encyclical are guides for our future. They lead the way for the establishment of that final desideratum: a Catholic motion picture producing company.

PROFESSORS AND THE JIGSAW MENTALITY

Why put humpty-dumpty together again?

BROTHER LEO

THE vogue of the jigsaw puzzle is over, but the jigsaw mentality remains. Indeed, it has always been with us. They did not know it, of course, but those erudite gentlemen in Alexandria who spent their lives discussing trifles were really jigsaw puzzle adepts; and so, for that matter, were the formalists who contributed so much to the decline of Scholastic philosophy after the great and vibrant days of Thomas and Duns Scotus.

The wordy wars waged in the name of God during that tragic sixteenth century and after were largely excursions into what might be called jigsaw theology. And one has but to visit that chamber of horrors in a university library, the section where doctoral dissertations are preserved like the cadaver of Lenin in the Red Square, to be convinced that the jigsaw mentality is held in high honor by the academic elect.

We recall how the jigsaw puzzle was made and played. You took a lithograph—say a picture of the Rialto in Venice with its background of palaces, gondolas, sky and Grand Canal, and cut it up into irregular small pieces. These were thoroughly shaken and shuffled until they represented what Lady Macbeth would call most admired disorder, after which you played the game. That is, you laboriously fitted the scattered fragments together until, a little the worse for wear, the Rialto again took shape before your complacent eyes. Not always, it is true, did the puzzler achieve that happy consummation. Even so, there was joy in the effort, and time passed pleasantly enough.

The basic principle of the jigsaw puzzle might be formulated as the surmounting of an artificially fabricated difficulty, the establishment of order in a deliberately created chaos. It is like a diverting indoor pastime of the genial little man who wrote *The One Hoss Shay*, of whom it is told that he would smash a chair now and then for the explicit purpose of putting it together again. Probably Dr. Holmes would have preferred to let somebody else do the smashing, for it was the repairing which delighted his mechanical bent. The jigsaw mentality, first of all, demands difficulty, disorder, confusion; then it strives, with varying success, to explain the difficulty, regiment the disorder, minimize the confusion.

But, as one of my pensive brethren likes to sigh, "Poor human nature!" We are made, or marred, so that difficulty discourages us, disorder baffles us, confusion more confounds. Were the complete jigsaw-puzzle addict to write a frank autobiography, he would be compelled to record that there have been times in his jigsaw career when melancholy marked him for her own, when words that resembled prayers but were not, startled the still night, yea, even crises of exasperation wherein his impatient hand swept the recalcitrant fragments of the Rialto to the unoffending floor. The jigsaw puzzle craze had educational value: it pragmatically demonstrated that we are prone to start more things than we finish. Though, in sober sooth, we need no Rialto come from the lagoons to make us realize the truth of this.

In education the jigsaw puzzler is very much with us. Usually neither student nor scholar, neither teacher nor educator, he can be described only by the impressive word, educationist. Teaching is, or ought to be, a reasonably simple matter. It implies knowledge, sympathy, tact, enthusiasm, a dash of idealism, and a pinch of common sense.

A boy is a good teacher when he shows his little brother how to spin a top. A life-guard is a good teacher when he shows a city dweller how to row a boat. A top sergeant is a good teacher when he shows a rookie how to stow a kit. Teaching, I suspect, was no intricate and complicated process to Socrates, to Abelard, Albert the Great. Certainly it was simplicity itself to the Master Teacher Who did all things well and without parables spake not unto them.

But we have changed all that. The educational Rialto has been jigsawed out of recognition by professional jargon and artificial technique. We have schools and education and teachers' colleges, intelligence tests and lesson plans, "transfer of training" and "apperceptive mass," grade points and units of credit, psychologically designed textbooks, and the light and leading of supervisors and superintendents who know everything about teaching except how to teach.

Elementary and high-school education today is ominous evidence that the jigsaw mentality has not vanished from the earth. The young teacher must

perforce gird his loins for an obstacle race. He is submerged in an artificial sea. A jigsaw puzzle is set before him and recognition and promotion depend on his ingenuity in piecing it together. He must experiment on his pupils as the biologist experiments on white rats. With rats as with children, fatalities occur; but the stubborn pieces of the puzzle must be wrestled with even though in the tortuous process youthful minds run to seed and knowledge is distorted and young character grows awry.

But the university, it would seem, is the happy hunting ground of the jigsaw puzzle mentality. Gone amid gales of derisive nasal laughter is Garfield's conception of a college as a log with a student at one end and Mark Hopkins at the other. Distressingly antiquated is Carlyle's conviction that a university is a collection of books. The sort of scholarship exemplified by Longfellow and Lowell is a vanished pomp of yesterday. The college is lost in the shuffle of cut-out pasteboard and has become sometimes a prolongation of the boarding school and sometimes a futile frog swelling itself to the size and contour of the university ox.

And the university itself? It has developed into a congeries of mutually exclusive and mutually suspicious departments, each with a series of jigsaw puzzles of its own. In higher education the jigsaw puzzle mentality justifies itself by the name of *research*: and what crimes have been committed in that name!

Research—finding out things, adding to the store of sound and definite knowledge is, it is superfluous to state, an essential function of university work and university training. In some departments, notably in science, it is a primary function. But in all departments? This may be rank academic heresy, but I wonder. I wonder as to the validity of that higher education in English, for example, which produces a scholar—Henry Seidel Canby tells of one in *Alma Mater*—who spends three years in advanced study without ever having heard of Oscar Wilde and ever having read a line of Thomas Hardy. I wonder as to the wisdom of an educational process which encourages a young instructor in the complacent boast, "I don't know a thing about Pope or Addison; my field is the early seventeenth century." I wonder as to the vital and scholarly importance of an academic mill which grinds out Ph.D.'s who can publish—sometimes at their own expense—impressively annotated editions of *Juliana* and *Titus Andronicus*, but who cannot for the life of them, write a page of readable English. Never shall I forget the dictum of an American don anent a doctoral dissertation presented by a young aspirant: "You labor under the tremendous disadvantage of knowing how to write."

Speaking of the department of English at Yale as he knew it in the early years of the twentieth century—let us charitably assume that now sanity has resumed its sway under the New Haven elms—Mr. Canby felicitously analyzes the jigsaw mentality:

The myriad intelligent minds among the populace

who spend their hours over puzzles today, are amateurs in a job which these scholars made professional. The crossword puzzle is research reduced to an absurdity in which no end is proposed except the satisfaction of an occupied mind seeking a solution which answers nothing but the desire to find whatever was hid. Great scholars, as Chaucer reminds us, are not always the wisest men; indeed they are much like other men in their impulses, and in those days it is certain that many of them were puzzle-minded. And many of their students came to believe that solving a puzzle was the essence of the study of literature. For research is the best of all puzzles because the most difficult. . . .

While we were busy with this puzzle-book scholarship, the need of the student for the gospel of sweetness and light went often by default. We were in truth kept so busy on Old French, phonetics, and methodology that it was left to our naive minds to discover what literature itself really was, and how to teach it.

Life as we know it and see it and live it—business, recreation, travel, government, hygiene—affords unnumbered instances of the jigsaw mentality in action. Everywhere in the world which God made and saw that it was good, comes somebody who cuts our Rialto picture into irregular lozenges, and after him come we all intent on putting the pieces together. Might it not be accepted as one of those laws of history by which we are always harassed.

What bitterness has gone into our solution of the Reformation, that movement which swept so many of the pieces into the basket; and what bafflement we experience as we strive to piece together the economic pattern which the industrial revolution confused. Omnipresent is the jigsaw champion, like Browning's grammarian, "decided not to live but to know," absorbed in assembling the fragments even though no esthetic pleasure comes from the contemplation of the completed picture and no longing to behold the veritable Rialto ever kindles his imagination, and ever wins for him true serenity of soul.

Vainly did the author of *The Imitation* make his fifteenth-century wail: "What have we to do with genera and species? He to whom the Lord speaks is saved from many theories." Alas, even in the devotional life theories seem essential now, and certain groups desire the sinner to fall into the arms of Mother Church according to the rules. It might cause scandal to quote St. Augustine's: "Love God and do what you please," for it smells of indifference to the laws sacrosanct of the jigsaw game; but hope is a virtue that flourishes—and we may humbly trust that:

When earth's last picture is painted and the
tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the
youngest critic has died,

we shall find in Heaven no ideal of research to confuse means with end, no necessity of piecing together the broken arcs to envisage the Perfect Round.

UNHOLINESS OF UNCONTROL

Marriage as a Sacrament has a purpose

FRANCIS P. LeBUFFE, S.J.

AT no time in recent years has the subject of birth control dropped much out of the news columns. Recently there has been a definite flare-up: the American Medical Association in convention assembled at Kansas City, the Convention of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Columbus, the South Bend Y.W.C.A., Dr. Robert M. Yerkes' experiments with the chimpanzee at Yale University's Laboratories of Comparative Psychobiology, and, of course, the Margaret Sanger-Gandhi passage-at-arms. The June issue of the *Ecclesiastical Review* devotes many pages to this question. And whether it breaks out afresh in news headlines or not, we know it is quite the most pressing moral problem for many today.

Artificial birth control is an unholy thing, the Church teaches, and her position is a reaffirmation of the deliverances of reason itself. From our small catechism we know that it is a sin to misuse a holy thing. To use a consecrated chalice as an ordinary drinking cup, to turn a consecrated church into a museum, these are serious sins. Now, marriage, too, is a holy thing: different in its holiness from chalice or church, but still a holy thing. Yes and in many ways holier; for its holiness comes not from an outside, added consecration but from the very essence of marriage itself. Its holiness is rooted in its nature.

Marriage is holy from its very nature, because the consummation of marriage brings into being a creature of God who is, in the present dispensation of grace, a child of God as well. If there be conception, God Himself must create the new soul that is then required. And the new human being, thus formed, is destined for God as its end. Thus there is a direct and inner linkage between marriage and God who is all-holy. Pope Leo XIII in his great charter of *Christian Marriage*, thus states with authority:

Marriage has God for its author, and was from the very beginning a kind of foreshadowing of the Incarnation of His Son; and therefore there abides in it a something holy and religious; not extraneous, but innate; not derived from men, but implanted by nature.

That natural holiness is further accentuated by

the sacramental aspect of Christian marriage. So important to the welfare of the human race is marriage that in the New Law of Love, God sanctified in a marked way that highest form of human love, which He had blessed and confirmed when first "male and female He created them." The God of Love raised to the dignity of a Sacrament the contract itself whereby man and woman pledge to each other their undivided love. The very plighting of the troth brings grace from heaven; and, as though delicately thoughtful of how each craves, at that hour, to give to the other all the riches and happiness possible, Christ has made husband the giver of the Sacrament to wife, and wife to husband. The gift of self carries with it the gift of grace; and the giver of self is the minister of the grace. The touch of the spouse's hand is an alchemist touch, transmuting what might be base and lowering into the gold of heaven itself.

The high symbolism of Christ's love for His Church is something that is not enough considered. Of all human loves, Christ chose but one for this symbol. Beautiful and ennobling are the loves of parent and child, of brother and sister, of friend and friend. But these He did not choose, only the love of husband and wife. Why? May it not have been because that love and that love alone is a reproductive love? That love and that love alone flowers out in a new life into which both father and mother are blended. That He did choose it as a symbol is clear from the words of St. Paul (Eph. v, 22-23) when he treats in glowing terms of wedded love. Here we use, by preference the Westminster Version:

Wives [be subject] to your husband as to the Lord, because the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ, too, is head of the Church, himself being the saviour of the body. . . . Surely no man ever hated his own flesh, nay, he doth nourish and cherish it, even as Christ the Church; because we are members of his body. "For this shall man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and the two shall come to be one flesh." The mystery here is great—I mean in reference to Christ and to the Church.

Christ chose marriage as a symbol of His love for His Church, for that love is plentifully fruitful.

Down the centuries, throughout the world, never a day goes by but children are born from the Baptismal waters to holy Mother Church. No curse of barrenness can be upon her, for until the end of time through her Heavenly Spouse, she will be "the joyful mother of children."

It was to signify and symbolize that very fruitfulness of His Church that Christ once more, even after He had sacramentalized it, made marriage a sacred thing, and made of it an image, in miniature, that all men might see in it a faint replica of His own love for mankind which through His Spouse, the Church, would bring each and every one of them forth to a newer and holier life.

This symbolism has added a new holiness to marriage. To violate the symbol by sinful barrenness is again to misuse a holy thing. True, married folk are not obliged to make marriage fruitful. Their wedded love may further sanctify itself by the vows of chastity, as some married saints have done. Or when there are reasons, valid before God, for total or partial abstinence, the resulting lack of fruitfulness offends God in no least way. They use the holy thing that is marriage as God permits them. But the truth still remains, that the fruitfulness of marriage is the adequate reason and term of its holiness; to cheat marriage of its fruit by sinful means, against which God's commands stand, is to rob it of its sanctity.

"Marriages are made in heaven." Well, that can be much misunderstood and much abused. But it is unquestionably true that "marriage is made in heaven." God made it and blessed it in the Garden of Paradise, and unfolded its inner significance in the words, "increase and multiply." It was He who created Eve precisely to be unto Adam "a help like unto himself," and it was He who ordained that Adam and Eve should be the parents of all mankind. "Marriage is made in heaven," again, because no new human being can exist unless God, on His part, cooperates by creating an immortal soul.

In a higher and holier sense Christian marriage "is made in heaven," for as they stand at the altar steps, man gives to maid, and maid to man, sanctifying grace which is the one only linkage with Heaven itself. It is God Himself who creates this sanctifying grace whereby and wherewith this sacramentalized contract is sealed and enriched. As life moves on and the sunshine and shadows interplay, then because of the Sacrament given and received, maybe years back, actual graces come in flood tide, if so they will, to smooth out the road and brighten the clouds, and to sanctify all its joys and pleasures, even those pleasures which are largely carnal.

All through the years their wedded love is to show forth to the world what is Christ's love for His Church. "Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the Church . . . and let wife reverence her husband."

The fruits of that love and reverence is to be other children of God, who come forth from Baptismal waters "sharers of the Divine Nature," "heirs of heaven," "co-heirs with Christ," members

of His Mystical Body. Husband and wife are to bring forth children unto their own image and likeness; and Christ, through His Church, will bring forth those same children unto His own supernatural image, unto a newer life that will culminate in the face-to-face vision of Himself, for He came that we "might have life, and have it more abundantly."

Father Alexander paints the scene in *The Catholic Home* (p. 20):

How it is redolent of the Divine! Home is the laboratory in which the Creator—when He so wills—turns out His masterpieces in the shape of lovely children, through the cooperation of the parents; it is the stage on which He displays His adorable attributes: Providence, Love, Wisdom and Compassion, more perhaps than anywhere else in the wide world; it is the preparatory school for all the world's work; the training college, in embryo, for Church Councils and for national parliaments, and it is the sanctuary wherein the Saints of God first receive the precepts which, reduced to practice later on in life, raise them to the honor of the altar and to His Kingdom above. . . . Without the note of reverence being struck, good homes must ever remain an idle dream and our young people, preparing for matrimony, cannot hear that note if they listen to worldly clamor. The dominant note is, as I have said, reverence, reverence for God, the Creator, reverence for Matrimony as a Sacrament, reverence for each other, and finally, reverence for its fruits, the earthly angels lent to loving parents by God, when He deigns to bless the marriage with fertility, in order that they may, first of all, gladden the earthly home; gladden, in after years, the world; and, in eternity, gladden the heaven which that same God means to be their true and lasting home.

To spoil that holy scene is, indeed, a sin. Yet the world today is strident in its cry that artificial birth control is proper and wholesome. Rather, from newspaper and magazine and lecture platform, and from pulpit, too, men and women even praise this perversion as a holy thing.

All that has been said supposes faith, deep faith! And what care the carnal-minded about such unseen verities? To them marriage must have its unrestrained pleasures but none of its burdens. They are utterly blind and deaf to higher meanings, and all this is a strange tongue to them. Weak souls, too, who would fain live holily, if the cost be only slight, will find it hard to hold to the vision of life's hidden values. The other world is far away, and, for them, God dwells in that other far-off world. They would like to observe God's law, but the pressure of the things of sense is strong. Food and clothing and housing for themselves and for the children that have already come, these clamor loud and their clamor must be heard. And so the vision dims and God's voice grows very faint—and they deliberately misuse the holy thing called marriage.

Catholics of strong true faith have seen the vision. And the vision will hold them faithful and loyal and true to the end.

THE RIGHTS OF THE WORKER

How to be virtuous though comfortable

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

IT has been cast up to me on divers occasions that I never give a thought to the worker's duties, but think only of his rights. I believe that my critics are correct; I hope they are. For I have never looked for much from a sermon preached to a man with an empty belly. When Lazarus comes along, seeking crumbs and finding few, (for Dives rarely dines in public) I judge him to be in no humor for a discourse on the evils of gluttony. Gluttony, to be sure, is a deadly sin, but the temper of his times puts even the remotest occasion of a fall outside his ambit. What you say to him, on this or any other topic, may be dripping with wisdom, but I think he would listen with an ear more accurately tuned if first you filled him with food, and then drenched him with drink.

Now the American worker is still a Lazarus. We are submerged with torrents of fine talk about his high position, but the simple fact is that his fundamental rights are in no high respect in this country, and never have been. Just 130 years ago, a group of cordwainers were tried in Philadelphia, and the jury reported: "We find the defendants guilty of a combination to raise their wages." No court would give that decision today. It would not be necessary for the same end can be encompassed by employers without recourse to the courts. The plain fact is that not even today is the worker, either alone or through some labor organization, able to bargain on a plane of equality with his employer as to his wage and conditions of labor. With few exceptions, he takes what is offered, not because he believes it to be fair, but because he knows that it is the best he can get.

Thus it comes to pass that the American wage-earner, unless he belongs to the fortunate fourth, is a charge upon public or private charity by the time he is sixty-five years of age. He may labor intelligently, industriously, honestly, and after all these years of cramped fare, have not one penny to rub against another. That, not uncommonly, he is still virtuous, although he has rarely been comfortable, must be cited as one of the many proofs of the power of the grace of God. For, as St. Thomas, wittily but correctly translated by Prior McNabb, O.P., teaches, a certain amount of comfort is necessary for the practice of virtue.

For it is not easy to be restrained, calm, just, charitable, when your children are hungry and your wife is prostrate, and the future is darker than the black present. If we expect the wage-earner to refrain from rioting and from attacks upon the social order, we must not put conditions upon him which are too heavy to be borne.

But I am not inclined to argue that we ought to feed the worker, because if we do not he may cause us trouble. Nero listened to that plea when he ordered bread and a circus for the populace. We must feed him, because he has a right to be fed in return for his labor. He cannot live in accordance with his dignity as a human being, unless he can obtain through the sweat of his brow the means of living comfortably. The plea for the wage earner is based on justice and on religion, not upon social or economic expediency.

We may assume, then, that among the first of the worker's rights is that degree of comfort which, morally speaking, is necessary if he is to live in accordance with his dignity as a human being, to practice virtue, and thus attain the end for which God made him. But he will not have that comfort unless his right to a living wage, in return for his labor, is openly acknowledged by employers, and enforced, when necessary, by the civil authorities.

It is sometimes said, that in this country we no longer hold labor to be a commodity, to be bought in the lowest market, like pig iron, or coal. It is true that some progress has been made through legislation and through judicial interpretations, and today no thinking man defends the inhuman theory. It is, however, held not as an abstract principle, but as a matter of practical business by the great majority of corporations, and even by many small employers. Wages, they contend, are but one element of the cost of a product, and just as the expenditures for raw material and marketing must be held to the lowest figure, so also the price of labor. We force no man to work for us; on the other hand, no man can compel us to purchase his pig iron, timber, or labor at a price which we do not care to pay.

The argument appears to be reasonable enough on the surface. Its inner vice is that it overlooks certain characteristics which belong to a man's toil,

but do not belong to iron or timber. As Leo XIII teaches, the worker, to the extent that his labor is personal, is at liberty to accept any wage, or none at all. But this is a mere abstract proposition, the Pontiff continues, for the labor of the workingman is also necessary, since it is his only means of procuring what is necessary to sustain his life. Every man has a right to what is required in order to live, "and the poor can obtain it in no other way than through work and wages." The very fact that the worker is a human being creates an essential difference between labor and such commodities as coal or iron. While labor is certainly one of the elements in production costs, it is essentially different from them.

In return, then, for his labor, the worker must be paid a wage to be fixed by free contract.

Pius XI elaborates this principle in his Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*. While wages should generally be fixed by free contract, Pius XI admits that this method is neither complete nor ideal. The wage contract should be modified whenever possible by a contract of partnership, so that wage earners can be made "sharers in some sort in the ownership, or the management, or the profits." This method, the Pontiff observes, has already been tried in various places to the advantage of both owners and employees. Nevertheless, the wage contract must not be considered essentially unjust, and, indeed, under present conditions is about the best that can be hoped for. Assuming, then, that wages are to be fixed by a contract, Leo XIII writes:

... Nevertheless, there underlies a dictate of natural justice more imperious and ancient than any bargain between man and man, namely, that remuneration ought to be sufficient to support a frugal and well-behaved wage earner. If through necessity or fear of a worse evil, the workman accepts harder conditions, because an employer or contractor will afford him no better, he is made the victim of force and injustice.

Two questions arise here, of which the first is the amount of the wage to be paid. Although Leo XIII seemed to assume in the Encyclical that the worker's wage should suffice "to enable him to maintain, himself, his wife, and his children in reasonable comfort," it was claimed by some that the teaching did not clearly identify the living wage with the family wage. Whatever doubt may have been possible, none remains after the statement in the Encyclical of Pius XI; "In the first place, the wage paid the workman must be sufficient for the support of himself and his family."

The next question refers to the nature of the wage contract. It should be first of all a real contract, with both parties dealing on a footing of substantial equality, both equally removed from a showing of force or the exercise of fraud. Leo XIII clearly described some of these alleged contracts when he wrote of the worker who accepted hard conditions, simply because the employer would afford him none that were better. In this case, no contract was possible, and the worker became one of the millions of victims of force and injustice,

"mere machines for making money," the wage slaves of the industrial world. "A small number of very rich men," wrote the Pontiff, "have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery itself."

But the contract which the worker is unable to obtain by his own efforts may, possibly, be secured by other means; by the intervention of the civil authority, for instance, or by unions of workingmen, or by the two working in harmony. In the Encyclical of 1891, Leo XIII wrote at length of these unions, and nowhere can we find a more convincing defense of the right of the worker to combine with his fellows for the defense of their rights and the promotion of means to improve their condition. But, like the wage contract itself, these unions must be free. When they are controlled by the employer, or by groups of employers, they are merely another means of oppressing the worker and disturbing the public peace.

Hence we may set down as the next among the rights of the worker, the right founded on the natural law to combine with other workers for the protection by proper means of their interests. Alone, or a member of a company-controlled union, Steve Grabinski, the puddler's helper in a steel mill, is helpless. Should he become one in an organized group of 50,000 steel workers, he does not fight alone, and may in the end obtain justice.

Finally, I advance the proposition that one of the worker's rights is to receive special consideration from the civil authority. Leo XIII imposes this duty upon "the rich," since, he writes, "the laboring man is, as a rule, weak and unprotected, and because his slender means should in proportion to their scantiness be religiously respected." The fear of Socialism and of a Socialistic State was strong in Leo's day, yet this did not deter the Pontiff from pointing out that the civil authorities had special duties toward the wage earner. "It lies in the power of the ruler to benefit every class in the state, and amongst the rest to promote to the utmost, the interests of the poor, and this in virtue of his office, and without being open to any suspicion of undue interference, since it is the province of the state to promote the common good." The whole tenor of the Encyclical of Pius XI enforces this duty of the state. Assuredly, the government must not promote the interests of one class to the detriment of the rights of any other class, but by giving special care to the wage earner it does, in fact, most efficaciously promote the common welfare.

Probably some recollection of this teaching was in the mind of the Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania last week when he promised special protection to any steel worker who lost his job for joining a union. Whether this official can fulfill his promise is doubtful. Nevertheless, in the good old phrase of our fathers, he took a step in the right direction. He knows as many officials in this country do not seem to know, that while the rights of all must be religiously respected, special consideration must be given by the state to the rights of the wage earner. That is due him, along with the right to organize and to enjoy reasonable comfort.

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

BEING PLACED UPON THE INDEX

THOSE of us who feel fairly safe in our orthodoxy might picture our feelings were we suddenly to find our name placed upon the Index of Forbidden Books. It might make one a little more humble to think just how one would act under such circumstances, and wonder whether one would have the strength of soul to derive profit from such an unexpected source. Yet some find such strength, and it is so fine a manifestation that it almost seems as if the error were worth while, if it gave the opportunity to make such generous amends.

On March 5 of this year, the Sacred Congregation of the Holy office judged that a work by a Spanish Dominican Father, Luis G. Alonso Getino, should be designated as a forbidden book. It dealt with the problem of eternal punishment, and was another instance of the attempts that have been made from time to time, such as by the late St. George Mivart, to escape the painful conclusions that derive from the plain teaching of the Saviour in the Gospel, as well as the unequivocal pronouncements of the Fathers and Councils of the Church. The author's heart had dictated the conclusions of his mind.

Immediately after his condemnation, Father Getino wrote a declaration which appeared in *Ciencia Tomista* for March-April, 1936. After declaring in vigorous tones his love and obedience for the Church, and his readiness to accept even so unpleasant a decree, Father Getino said that he felt a certain satisfaction in having the opportunity thus to do homage, as it were to the spiritual Mother who had followed him with her love from his Baptism. He begged therefore his friends not to read the work without a special authorization as long as it remained upon the list of forbidden books.

He first learned of his misfortune by reading the evening paper. "At once," he says, "I went to the chapel to cast myself at the feet of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament (in whose honor I had written the book), and made at once an act of submission to the Holy See. I then telephoned to the publisher to stop further action. This second edition, considerably corrected and augmented, provided with permissions and revisions from the authorities of the Diocese as well as of the Order, was already printed and sent to the binder. The prohibition did not concern it, since it was already greatly amended. Nevertheless, out of respect for a decree coming from a higher authority, with which my book might come in conflict, I felt it my duty to see to it that the work was not published without the

consent of the Holy Office. People may say of me that I have made many mistakes; but I trust that no one will ever say that I disobeyed even one single time the supreme authority of the Church."

Such conduct is not a matter of human calculation nor of human origin. It rests upon a Divine Faith in the authority of the Church as conveying the authority of the God-Man who founded it. A friend of mine, a Navy chaplain in the World War, insisted, despite the protests of the Commandant, upon submitting to guard duty for some trifling infraction of regulations. "I told the men it was an honor," he said, "to take a punishment like a man." The same spirit finds plenty of splendid exemplifications among the soldiers of Christ.

People sometimes ask why certain books are placed upon the index and countless others equally harmful are omitted. While I know of no general declaration of policy on this matter, a study of the books actually listed in recent years seems to show that the Holy Office, since it obviously cannot be listing every number in the torrents of objectionable works that constantly appear in every known language, in practical fashion applies its remedy where it is most precisely needed.

Most of the works condemned are those of the subtly misleading variety, the type that demand a more definite indication of their harmfulness than their *prima facie* aspect. The whole brood of Modernist works, of the type of Tyrrell, Loisy, Fogazzaro, Abbé Turmel in his chameleon-like forms, fall under this category. Then there are works containing some specific doctrinal error; written, like Father Getino's, in perfect good faith and by men of irreproachable character, but for that cause as well as by the plausibility of the reasons alleged more apt to mislead than if the author were a dubious individual. Another type are the subtly immoral works, where gross sensuality is veiled under an appearance of piety, mysticism, refinement, or delicacy of expression, or even zeal for the Church, as in the case of Charles Maurras in his non-political writings.

Naturally some openly rebellious or scandalous works come, too, under the ban: where the decision of the Holy See is frankly challenged. But present-day legions of blatant violators of Faith or morals are amply taken care of by the prohibition of such types of reading that rests simply upon the natural law: that elementary principle of morals which enjoins any Christian from feeding his mind with spiritual poison. Catholics sometimes forget that certain books are naturally prohibited—whether or not named as falling under the disciplinary ban. Our conscientiousness in this regard will be likewise a fine testimony to our loyalty for Christ the King.

THE PILGRIM.

THE AGED SCHOOL CHILD

THE National Education Association has a number of affiliates, and one of them is the National Council on Education. Naturally, neither the Association nor the Council can be held responsible for statements made by individual members. When a speaker rises to take part in a debate on the convention floor, or even in a committee room, not even he would care to be held to account for every word.

These statements, then, need not be taken too seriously; occasionally, however, they are useful in showing how the tide is running. At the recent convention of the Association, when the Council discussed the topic of the education of adolescents, Lyle W. Ashby, of the Association's division of publications, outlined a policy which many will consider somewhat extreme. Mr. Ashby is not content with the present provision of high schools to train boys and girls from their fourteenth to their eighteenth year. "We must be prepared to take care of all young people, up to twenty-one, or even older."

It must not be thought that Mr. Ashby wishes to throw upon the schools the burden at present borne by the States, the Federal Government, and private associations, of caring for the unfit and the unemployed. Apparently, he has taken the term "adolescent," and extended its limits to meet the views held by many modern educators. It was once thought generous to allow the term to describe young people who had completed their seventeenth year, but it now appears that we have been niggardly. The school for the adolescent is woefully incomplete unless it is prepared to take care of children up to their twenty-first year, or even beyond it.

To believe that Mr. Ashby is alone in his position, an Ajax defying the educational world, would be a grievous error. What he says openly, many less frank, are saying in private groups. In a number of districts, the compulsory school age has already been set at eighteen, regardless of the ability of the youth to profit by further academic training. Should the so called Child Labor Amendment be adopted, eighteen would automatically become the age throughout the United States. The campaign for this Amendment has been carried on for many years, and while thus far it has failed, its proponents have by no means abandoned the field.

What the school will become when it is obliged to care for all these aged children could be foretold only by the author of "Alice in Wonderland." To do Mr. Ashby justice, he does not seem to envision it as a school in the ordinary sense, but as a place to keep children of twenty-one and older off the streets by discoursing to them on such subjects as Reeling and Writhing, Laughing and Grief, and Uglification and Derision. Clearly, "education" has taken on a new meaning in these days. Sometimes "school" seems to mean something very like a hospital, and sometimes something more like a mad house. But it does not appear to be an agency of education. All that we know about it with any certainty is that it is terrifyingly expensive.

EDITOR

BRAIN TRUSTS

GREAT BRITAIN'S civil-service system is probably the best in the world. It embraces almost every officeholder, and the higher levels provide specialists familiar with the business of government. Since we have nothing of the kind, President Roosevelt turned to the colleges, where he found many specialists, few of whom knew the practical side of government. Consequently many of the Administration's most desirable economic reforms foundered on the rock of constitutionality. An intelligently organized civil-service system has uses of which our political leaders never dream.

ENCOURAGING DEPO

ON the morning of July 6, the President of Mexico held an official reception for the American delegates appointed by President Roosevelt to be present at the opening of a new national roadway in Mexico. The quality of the delegates gives significance to this reception; among them were four members of the House of Representatives, three of the Senate, and our Ambassador to Mexico. The Vice President of the United States was also a delegate, but it appears that he did not attend the reception. Among the invited Mexican guests were the Governors of twenty-two States, and almost the entire Mexican cabinet.

With the stage thus obviously set, President Cárdenas read his address. He was grateful to Vice President Garner for "the cordial precepts announced in the name of the Republic of the United States and of President Roosevelt." He then stated that the basic purpose of his Government was "to establish centers of teaching and roads through vast reaches of the Republic, and thus to liberate from ignorance and misery our country's masses." Clearly, the effect intended, and probably accomplished, was to prove to the Mexican people that his policies have the unwavering support of the American Government. Referring to Ambassador Daniels, the President praised him for "an austere citizen-like virtue in expressing within the borders of his fatherland, and in opposition to adverse opinions from strong social groups, the truth about Mexico." In praising Mr. Daniels as the Ambassador from Mexico to the United States, President Cárdenas, for once, kept within the sober truth.

CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS

IN the days when means of communication were few and imperfect, congressional districts were useful. Today they are irritating survivals of the country's horse-and-buggy period. The most fit men in the State should be sent to the House, and if Squash Center has two fit men, one should not be rejected merely because he does not live in New York. Members of the House should be chosen from the State at large by all the voters. We travel by airplane and the typewriter has replaced the quill, yet we still elect the House by methods dear to the politician but unknown to the Constitution.

DEPOTISM IN MEXICO

Nor was his praise gracefully set aside, in an ambassadorial manner, by Mr. Daniels. His silence was equivalent to assent, but the message was taken up by Senator Connally, of Texas, and Senator McAdoo, of California. "I congratulate you on the evidence of stability, order and peace within the Republic," said the Senator from Texas. Senator McAdoo added that a nation is to be judged by "the profound sense of stability and spirit of its people, the vision of its statesmen, and the genius and skill of its people. The great Republic of Mexico possesses these three elements in high degree."

In God's dear name, how long are we to suffer this support of atheistic despots who ravage and murder in Mexico, who at this moment are striving to tear the very thought of God and all love of Christian morality out of the hearts of the little children forced to attend the "socialized" schools? Is it possible that the story told by the Bishop of Oklahoma, by Father Parsons in his *Mexican Martyrdom* and by Father Castiello in the pages of this Review by Charles S. MacFarland, and a dozen others, is completely unknown to the authorities at Washington? But if they are buried in this ignorance, whose is the responsibility?

We are loath to believe that this Government is deliberately trying to extend despotism in Mexico, and to create on our very borders another Sovietized Russia. But the record is charged with incontrovertible facts for which no explanation has been given. Must we affirm the conclusion that this Government created to establish liberty and justice has become the unfailing support of brutal despotism in Mexico?

BELEAGUERED BARONS

NINETY per cent of the employees of the United States Steel Corporation favor the employee-representation plan now in force. That statement is vouched for, not by us, but by the president of the Corporation. "We stand, therefore, for the principle of the open shop," writes the president. "It is the fairest method of collective bargaining that employe and management have been able to devise." To this statement of policy, Philip Murray, chairman of the Steel Workers Organization Committee, answers: "The so-called open shop never existed in the steel industry, because the industry has been closed to union labor. The collective bargaining they talk about is carried on by a union organized, financed, and controlled by the steel companies for the sole advantage of the companies."

Thus is the issue drawn by the chief combatants. Collective bargaining is asserted by one, and admitted by the other. But to Mr. Murray, the Corporation's collective bargaining is merely a form of fraud. To the Corporation, Mr. Murray's attempt to unionize the workers is merely a form of violence, destructive of "the fairest method of collective bargaining that employe and management have been able to devise." But both profess to have no other aim than the welfare of the employe.

Now the right of workers to choose their own methods of bargaining collectively with the employer must be admitted, premising, of course, that the methods violate no principle of fair dealing. In itself, a "company union," even when organized and financed by the employer, is not wrong. When it presents the case of the worker squarely and vigorously, there is no reason why the worker should not freely choose it as his agent in collective bargaining. In the abstract, the thing is possible, but, ordinarily, and for obvious reasons, the employee-representation plan that is organized and financed by the employer is also controlled by the employer. In this case, there can be no real collective bargaining, for while one party to the argument and subsequent contract, is the employer, the other party is also the employer.

It has long been established that it takes two, at least, to make a bargain, and it is extremely difficult for the employer, bargaining for himself, to decide at what point he must stop bargaining for himself, and begin to bargain for his employees. Hence, commonly, the difference between a company union and a company-controlled union is purely nominal; that is, the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee.

The union which represents the worker must be above suspicion. Its relations with the employer should be amicable, as far as possible, but never to the point of putting the rights of the worker in jeopardy. Hence, we trust that Mr. Murray will be able to present his case without interference. If nine of every ten steel workers favor the present employee-representation plan, the steel corporations have nothing to fear.

Yet they are in fear. Deadly fear has unstrung

the withers of the steel barons, and caused them to insert advertisements in 375 American newspapers, at a cost of nearly \$500,000. If the union promoted by Mr. Murray is only a bogey, why need intelligent men be warned against it? Why all this pother, this hysterical talk of strikes and paralyzed business, when the workers are completely loyal to the employe-representation plan now in force in the steel industry?

We suggest the answer. As intelligent men, the beleaguered barons know that chains may become familiar, but never dear. They fear the onset of the Steel Workers Organization Committee because they are quite aware that when an opportunity offers even contented slaves will burst their bonds.

A BAFFLED LEAGUE

A DELIBERATIVE body should not be judged wholly by its failures. Its purposes must also be taken into account, along with the measures usually adopted to enforce them, and the agencies which have opposed it. On its open record, the League of Nations presents a sad series of failures.

The most recent failure is still strong in the public mind. When in October, 1935, Italy sent her armies into Ethiopia, appeal was at once made to the League. One month later, under pressure from Great Britain, the League invoked the sanctions against Italy. The vote was, largely, a gesture. It may have signified what the League thought ought to be done, but it set no forces in motion which caused Italy a moment of uneasiness.

Conferences followed, and from all of them the French and British envoys returned baffled to a baffled League. On one point only did they at last agree: the head of the Italian Government means exactly what he says. In consequence, the policy of sanctions failed at the first test. Nor did the policy of procrastination, founded on the hope that some unforeseen factor might divert Italy from its purpose, meet success. While the League debated, airplanes hummed and cannon roared in Ethiopia. The war was pushed vigorously, and within six months, the Emperor of Ethiopia was a fugitive. By May of the present year, the League once more saw itself set at naught by the accomplished fact of a war that had been won.

Two weeks ago, the fallen Emperor went to Geneva to ask the League to decline to recognize any annexation of territory made by force of arms. The delegates listened, and a few applauded, but they gave the Emperor's request no consideration. They simply voted to lift all sanctions against Italy, and then proceeded to discuss methods of strengthening the League. To the weaker nations, the logic of the League must appear bewildering, but to the more powerful the case is clear. As at present constituted, the League cannot stand out against the logic of a successful war. It can neither prevent war, nor censure the victors.

The indictment thus drawn is black, but it need not be disheartening. There is nothing wrong in the purpose of the League, which is to work to insure world peace. What is wrong with the

League, as we have pointed out, is that its members are ready to throw it aside whenever a decision is given which seems to affect "national honor." The bonds that unite them in peace are but a rope of paper when war threatens.

Under conditions somewhat similar the Thirteen States drew up a Constitution. Until the League can devise an equivalent, it must continue to fail. What that equivalent shall be, no man can say, but no union can be lasting or effective which is not supported by peoples whose first laws are justice and charity. While we perceive no immediate union of this sort, we can work toward its creation, and in the meantime the League may serve as a symbol of a consummation greatly to be desired.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

CARDINAL GIBBONS used to say that he never felt great uneasiness over the attacks on the Church that came from the old American Protective Association, and similar companies. It was humiliating to know that Americans could be so foolish, he would say, but their attacks on the Church very often led fair-minded men and women to become members of the Church. What did cause him uneasiness was the Catholic whose life did not witness to the sanctity of the Church.

Looking at some Catholics who are prominent in the country's economic and political life, we feel sure that the Cardinal was right. A scandal to Catholics and non-Catholics alike, these do untold harm to weak souls, and undoubtedly hinder the conversion of many who are seeking the light. Some who have never been known to pay their employes a living wage, or to permit them to join a union, have been known to praise in eloquent terms the Labor Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI. Others can be most forceful in outlining, before some political gathering, the duties of citizenship, and when the discourse has ended, they go out to lay plans to bribe public officials or to replace those whom they cannot seduce by thoroughly corrupt successors. We also have with us in nearly every community, the professional Catholic, most devoted according to his own account, who sends all his children to non-Catholic or anti-Catholic schools.

Happily, most of our Catholic people, especially, perhaps, those who are not prominent, may be likened to the good tree of which Our Lord speaks in tomorrow's Gospel. Living in humble station, they are content with it, and making no show of their religion they live it in word and deed. Their lives are living sermons on the sanctity of the Catholic Church. They do not merely believe what God has revealed and the Church teaches; they make their belief shine forth clearly in all that they do. They are the Church's most persuasive missionaries. They uphold every Catholic undertaking by their prayers, by participation, and by their alms. They build our cathedrals, and support that great monument to the glory of God, the Catholic school system. We know them, not by what they say to us, but by their abundant fruits.

CHRONICLE

LABOR IN TURMOIL. John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, in a radio address on the night of July 6, opened his campaign to organize laborers in the steel industry. The prize he seeks to wrest from the "overlords of steel" is economic and industrial freedom. President Green of the American Federation of Labor asserted that the committee for industrial organization headed by Mr. Lewis was thwarting the Federation's own plan to organize steel by united action. The committee's leader retorted by denying that the executive council had a plan for such organization. By July 8 the situation within the ranks of labor had become tense. The executive council of the A. F. of L. took steps to suspend eight national and international unions as a preliminary step to ridding itself of one third of its membership. European labor leaders assembled in London watched the rift with anxiety seeing in it a weakening of labor's resistance to the threat of Fascism.

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MEXICO'S NEW HIGHWAY. The international highway running from Laredo on the American border to Mexico City was dedicated with fitting ceremonies. The American and Mexican delegates were present at Pachuca on July 4 to see Ambassador Josephus Daniels unveil a plaque commemorating its completion which was presented to the Government by the American colony in the capital. On July 6 President Lazaro Cárdenas tendered a reception to the delegates from the United States. The Mexican Congress held a special session on the following day in honor of the same guests. The day preceding the President's reception saw the candidates of the ruling party victorious throughout the country in the party-controlled elections.

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MARTYRDOM CONTINUES. The Legislature of Queretaro pretended to ameliorate the conditions of Catholics by allowing three priests for the city of Queretaro itself and one for each town and district of the State. In neighboring Hidalgo the persecution continued. The Federal Office of Hacienda nationalized several properties, among them the residence belonging to the Most Rev. Francisco Campos y Angeles, Titular Bishop of Doara, who retired from the See of Chilapa in 1932. At San Bartolo in the same State a priest was arrested charged with responsibility for the death of a school teacher. Governor Viveros insisted that the law which allows only one priest for the service of each 50,000 people must be enforced without any exception.

ETHIOPIA'S LAST HOPE GONE. Following his recent appearance in person before the League Assembly, Emperor Haile Selassie, of Ethiopia, made his last move in a losing game by submitting July 2 two resolutions to the same body, the first calling for non-recognition of Italy's conquest; the second that the League members guarantee a loan of £10,000,000 sterling to be issued by Ethiopia. Both proposals were rejected a few days later by the adoption of a report from the Assembly's bureau, or steering committee, which lifted the sanctions on Italy but left everything else indefinite, ignoring the Ethiopian demands completely. Later the League's coordination committee voted unanimously to drop all sanctions against Italy on July 15.

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DEBATING THE ISSUE. Long, bitter, and inconclusive were the debates in the Assembly on the issues involved in the Ethiopian situation. South Africa alone, through its representative, Charles te Water, stood out unequivocally against sanctions. Views on League reform were divergent. The most definite was that of Eamonn de Valera, President of the Irish Free State, who demanded that in view of present failures, future engagements should be such as could be fulfilled. Intense pessimism was expressed by delegates from smaller nations. Illustrating the tension that prevailed, a Jewish journalist, Stefan Lux, committed suicide publicly during the session, as a protest against the trials of the Jewish refugees from Germany. A furor was created when Dr. Arthur Karl Greiser, president of the Danzig Senate, delivered in the Assembly a bitter personal attack upon Sean Lester, League High Commissioner in Danzig. The effect of the German rift with the Danzig régime appeared to be to throw the responsibility for the Free City upon Poland.

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PARISIAN DISCORDS. A clash between Nationalists and police involving 10,000 participants and resulting in injury to over one hundred, including thirty-one police, was the conclusion to the rekindling of the flame before the tomb of the Unknown Soldier last Sunday. Sixteen persons were arrested and held for questioning. Investigations were opened into charges that Colonel François de la Rocque and other so-called Fascist leaders had incited their followers to take part in the demonstration. De la Rocque denied charges. Government officials banned further informal processions at the tomb, several thousand police and Mobile Guards occupied the Champs Elysées, and precautions were taken against repetition of the riot on Bastille Day, July 14. Smaller riots occurred at Douai, Nîmes, Aix-en-Provence. Premier Leon Blum, after

successfully pushing the program for governmental control of wheat, now intends to nationalize the country's war industries. A minor Church clash ended peacefully when the deposed Archbishop du Bois de la Villerabel accepted appointment as titular Archbishop of Melitene.

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ETERNAL NAZIS. Chancellor Hitler, speaking to a party assembly, declared Nazis would rule Germany for all time. He attacked freedom of public assembly, freedom of the press and various other democratic principles. He announced that decisions would be made in advance and the nation's opinion asked afterward. In a nationwide press and radio campaign, every German citizen was urged to be a propagandist for the Hitler regime among the visitors to the Olympic games. According to a report from a usually well-informed source, Chancellor Hitler was weakening in his determination to annex Austria. He was said to be negotiating a treaty recognizing the independence of Austria and engaging not to support the Austrian Nazi party. Hitler was pictured as fearing an Italian-Russian combination against him, and desirous at all costs of giving no ground for such an understanding, which would interfere with his rumored plans for an Eastern German penetration. Mother Superior Agnella, of a Catholic nursing home, was placed on trial charged with violating the foreign exchange currency regulations. At the Heidelberg celebration, it was announced that German science must be National Socialist science and not a search for "truth for truth's sake." Dr. Wilhelm Coblitz, Nazi controller of legal literature, warned authors that the time was over when a science of jurisprudence independent of political faith was possible. The principle of racial unity must color legal literature, he commanded.

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ENGLISH AFFAIRS. David Lloyd George recently made a fiery by-election speech calling Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin and his Cabinet "rats that scuttle the ship." "In Europe this Government isn't thought much of," he said, "and in America they have lost confidence in us." American Ambassador Robert W. Bingham, speaking at the American Society dinner on Independence Day, stressed the need for Anglo-American friendship. Premier Stanley Baldwin, reported recently as ill and about to retire, returned to London after a three days' rest and while admitting that he was tired and suffering from insomnia denied all rumors that he intended to abandon public life. Neville Chamberlin, Chancellor of the Exchequer, gave warning that the cost of re-arming was bound to create a deficit in the 1936 budget; meanwhile new appropriations demanded by the navy, army and air forces amounted to £27,000,000 over the original appropriations for the year. It was predicted that within a year a transatlantic air service between Britain and America would be established, with two American and two British flying boats arriving and departing weekly.

STRIKES IN SPAIN. Settlement of the clothing trade strike, and temporary postponement of the planned general railroad strike were announced by Labor Minister Juan Lluhi. Jail threats against owners and building contractors gave promise of a speedy settlement of construction workers' strike. The Government is pressing a general attack on Fascist organizations. According to the police, on the arrested Fascists were found circulars to district leaders instructing them "to promote and foment the greatest possible number of strikes." Five Fascists were reported dead in the past week in clashes with the Socialists.

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COMMERCE AND CONVICTIONS IN JAPAN. Tokyo seemed fixed on retaliatory measures by political means against those nations raising barriers against the import of Japanese goods. This time Australia incited her commercial ire. Japan, after the United Kingdom, is Australia's best customer. Because Japan's imports in wheat and wool from Australia exceed in value the Japanese exports of rayon, cotton and piece goods, the recent tariff increases in Australia against Japanese goods and in favor of British goods, have seriously affected Japan. The latter threatened to invoke the trade-protection law against Australia, nor did the trade compromises arrived at between Canada, Great Britain, the United States and the Tokyo Government seem a way out in the case of Australia. The secret military tribunal that tried the February mutineers, sentenced on July 7 seventeen officers and cadets to death, and five to life imprisonment. The remaining culprits received prison terms of varying lengths. The charges on which the mutineers were sentenced were murder, rebellion and disobedience to the commands of the Emperor.

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SOUTHWEST CHINA BARGAINS. Three proposals for peaceful settlement of the strained situation between the Central Government and Southwest China were framed and will be proposed at the plenary session of the National People's Party at Nanking, by delegates from the Southwest. First, the Southwestern armies agreed to retire within the disaffected provinces, provided Generalissimo Chiang withdrew the Central Government forces northward to a general line running through Hengchow, Hunan Province. Second, Chiang must make a secret commitment promising formal warfare against Japan, within a definite time limit. Third, the Southwestern leaders must participate on an equal footing in all plans, preparations and decisions regarding the proposed anti-Japanese war.

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SOVIET EJECTS PEDOLOGY. In the strongest possible terms, the central committee of the Communist party of the Soviet Union condemned as a "perversion of principles" pedology as a factor in education. This was another step in the unexpected rejection by the Soviet régime of sensational, supposedly highly progressive features in education.

CORRESPONDENCE

SPONTANEOUS

EDITOR: Regarding its new appearance, you have certainly styled the paper very well, indeed, for its times and its own functions. The pages take hold on one's attention with an immediate, firm grip—as guides to their matter rather than as exhibitors of style or show. In a word, the new format makes me think of that simple, plain perfection of limpid things—like cool spring water; of that trim, business-like air of a battleship; of that salience we find in all things whose appeal arises from their having been simplified to perfection.

Washington, D. C.

A. D. FERN.

EDITOR: The new format of AMERICA should surely put the Black Internationale on the map. You have gone the modernists of all colors and stripes a dozen better. Coming upon an advance copy of the July 4 issue, fresh from a reading and reviewing of that newly published, marvelously understanding study of Saint Ignatius Loyola by Dr. Robert Harvey, I was made concretely aware that the vitality of the founder, very graphically depicted by the pastor of Fort Garry United Church at Winnipeg, has not departed from his sons.

Buffalo, N. Y.

CYRIL P. EHRENREICH.

EDITOR: The new AMERICA has come, been seen, and conquered. It certainly has been to a beauty parlor. I wish it all success, where success counts, in the subscription lists.

New York.

NEIL BOYTON, S.J.

EDITOR: Every detail of the new AMERICA is startling—and most satisfying. Congratulations for the vigor and the sweep of your courage. Enthusiastic best wishes for success, the continuous and expanding species. You have revitalized AMERICA.

Langhorne, Pa.

DANIEL S. RANKIN, S.M.

EDITOR: I always insisted that AMERICA should grow urbane if it were to take a high place and have large influence. This July 4 issue is distinctly urbane.

St. Louis.

L. W. F.

EDITOR: A journal of which Catholics have long been proud and to which non-Catholic scholars and general readers have accorded respect and admiration, AMERICA has made its name as a foremost periodical. Today it declares its independence of time-honored form, and steps, not abreast, but ahead in its field with its arresting make-up, its strikingly arranged departments, its distinguished list of contributors, and its challenging articles.

With our congratulations to you upon the new format of AMERICA, go our congratulations upon

the nation-wide interest stimulated by your poetry contest and our deep gratitude for the honor which your committee conferred upon our Community in giving first prize to the poem of Sister Mary St. Virginia. The selection of a poem by a young and unknown writer, over contributions of established poets, is an indication of the fairness and impartiality characteristic of your editorial policy and a tribute to your sincerity of purpose in launching the contest.

Chicago, Ill.

SISTER M. JUSTITIA

EDITOR: Congratulations, heartiest, profoundest congratulations. I've been jumping up and down cheering and waving my hat since I saw the new AMERICA. It looks like something at last. It has emerged from the rut of mediocrity and at one leap outmoderned the moderns.

New York.

JAMES V. HAYES

EDITOR: In my estimation AMERICA stands at the peak of all magazines of its kind. Typographically, it is beautiful. The layout is one which has made several experts cheer. I showed it to some of these experts and the only criticism that I heard was from one man and he thought that the triple rule under the name AMERICA on the front cover might look better, if it were printed in color.

New York.

A. C.

EDITOR: Congratulations! Your new format is a knockout! There can be no doubt but that AMERICA is now America's leading weekly Catholic periodical.

Villanova, Pa.

RICHARD L-G. DEVERALL

NOT SO GOOD

EDITOR: The front cover of AMERICA in its new format is excellent. I am a daily traveler on New York's subways, and the new AMERICA on the news stands strikes my eye at once above all other journals. The contents page is like unto it, though that is not displayed to the public eye. For the rest, I do not like the body type; but that is a matter of taste. I admire greatly the asymmetrical headlines to the articles, but why the secondary headline, which is redundant. I object beyond words to the three lines drawn under the contributor's name: they give me the jitters, and remind me only too painfully of the sort of thing one has to look at in the optometrist's office to discover signs of stigmatism. Finally I abominate the placing of the dateline at the bottom of the page. This may be very arty, but it is an infernal nuisance; since my livelihood consists in indexing periodicals, so I find the new arrangement an unnecessary exasperation.

New York.

RICHARD TURPIN

LITERATURE AND ARTS

LAST VISIT OF CHESTERTON IN AMERICA

CAMILLE McCOLE

WHEN Gilbert Keith Chesterton was at the University of Notre Dame, he gave what was to be the last series of lectures delivered before an American audience—a series entitled, *Lectures on the History and Literature of the Victorian Period*. The great, kindly bulk of the man sat patiently in his chair while he was being introduced; then he rose, and firmly gripping the sides of a somewhat inadequate lectern, announced in a high and squeaky voice that he supposed it to be his first duty to prove that there *was* such a thing as a Victorian period. "If I succeed in proving this," he said, "I shall continue with my lectures. But if I fail—if I fail, I shall depart to that place from which I came, leaving behind me, where I now stand, a vast and awful space."

He proved that the Victorian Age had existed; and remained to give the course. But now that he is really gone, the space that he has left behind him is this time, in quite a different sense, so vast and awful that I doubt if it can ever be filled by another. Catholic apologetics will feel that void; the countless lovers of Gabriel Gale and Father Brown will miss him; Catholic poetry will take even more seriously the authenticity of his inspiration as a true poet. The vacant place that he has left against the sky should make us see more clearly just what his grand, human personality meant to this muddled world.

We shall remember not only that he said a good many things that some people found it hard to accept, but that in saying them he was always on the side of truth, and was never known to make truth dull. We shall forget, as time passes, that he said a very, very few things badly when we begin to see that he managed, somehow, to say so many things so very well. His real skill lay not in making apparent contradictions, but rather in his positive genius for making everything that is a contradiction seem so apparent.

So much for what posterity will think of him. As for myself, I shall always like to think of him as I remember him during those six weeks of his last American visit. I have said that he was giving a series of lectures on the Victorian Age; and it

goes without saying that no living critic could have been found who possessed a wider knowledge of the Victorians than did Chesterton. And yet, I doubt very much if he had brought with him for that series, a single book.

His lectures were, rather, prepared from the rich store-house of his mind. There were the long afternoons during which he would pace up and down on the porch of the home where he was staying; nervously dictating his outlines, and living over again the tradition of Victorianism as he himself had known and lived a part of it—a tradition which he had so thoroughly absorbed as to need now only an occasional epigram or paradox to guide him across its great expanses. There was the great bulk of the man on that porch, as I have said, pacing up and down; removing his eye-glasses again and again; winding their long cord around his fingers; pushing his stubbornly shaggy hair back from his forehead; and pausing now and then, as he lighted upon some *bon mot* or some memory that amused him, almost to shake the porch with his contagious laughter.

"Why do we laugh?" he once said. "Because it is a grave religious matter. Only man can be absurd, for only man can be dignified." Chesterton's own laughter, on those afternoons, was of the gods.

When the time arrived for his evening lectures, however, he made very little use of the notes he had so carefully prepared. After the first evening he seemed glad to relinquish his lectern for a more comfortable and commodious chair and table. But when the great man seated himself at this table on the platform, he bore with him always, clutched tightly as if he were sure he would be lost without it, a small slip of paper with his "notes" upon it. And then, as he began his lectures, we all waited for the inevitable moment when he would look down at that paper somewhat surreptitiously, apparently fail to find any illumination from it, and, as if to console himself for its treachery, tear off the most enticing corner of the slip.

A few minutes later he would tear off a second corner. A third would follow. By that time I suppose he would become aware of the illogic of a

rectangle with only one angle to it; at all events, he always tore off the remaining corner with a finality that was almost cosmic in its implications. Never, however, would he pause in his lectures for very long; the brilliant flow of his language would continue almost uninterrupted, punctuated only by his tearing off piece after piece of that slip until the last fragment had been torn in half and deposited on the table, rolled into a neat little ball that left him on the wide sea of speculation without one single academic raft to cling to.

He never needed one. Those of us who attended those talks have yet to hear, I am certain, so much brilliant fancy, such delicate whimsy, such a tide of rich reminiscence, and such a rapier-like wit as we heard then. There were few of the later British writers, of course, whom Chesterton had not known personally; there was not one of them who did not seem more worth knowing by us because he had been known by Chesterton. Browning and Tennyson, Newman and Wiseman, Carlyle and Swinburne—all of them lived for us, for perhaps the first time, while we sat at this man's feet.

His wit always went home; but let it be added for the benefit of his detractors that in those entire six weeks he never uttered a single "smart" remark or failed in that common courtesy which his enemies have claimed does not exist in his writing. He drew pictures for us that exhumed the bodies of great literary men of the past and clothed them, as I think they have seldom been clothed before, with all the color and glamor that those figures manage to have only when the pedagogue's dust is blown from their skeletons and the clay of their better humanity is again put back upon their bones.

Dates and facts he gave us, too—by the hundreds. But neither date nor fact once obtruded itself without purpose. There were hundreds of lines of poetry, also, that he quoted from memory: I once "clocked" him for twenty minutes while he recited from Swinburne alone. But every line that he quoted fulfilled some urgent necessity of his fascinating theme. The massive frame would sway back and forth; the eyes would twinkle; the eyeglasses would be called into play to beat out the long surges of the verse.

His judgments Chesterton always made with confident emphasis—for a "teacher who is not dogmatic is simply a teacher who is not teaching"—but in the urbane figure before us on that platform there was nothing of Johnsonian brusqueness; there was nothing of the good Doctor but his kindness and humanity and common sense reborn again in that twentieth century medievalist now twisting the lapels of his coat and reciting poetry that could not be forgotten. From Chesterton's opening sentences of address—an address that did not fail to include the humblest lay brother in the audience—to that final paragraph with its soaring emotional quality and its rich overtones of meaning, we all sat spell-bound. And then we went out to watch this champion of Don John ("girt and going forth") literally load himself into a modern motor car and drive forth under the stars.

Later on, when he had returned to England, Chesterton was to do, as we will remember, a good deal of writing on the ugliness of the American small town. Apart from certain aspects of industrial ugliness, however, Chesterton loved the smaller towns of America: he was not ungrateful to the country which had been his host: he would have attacked the same crass dullness had he found it in Singapore or Sussex. And I know for a fact that he enjoyed his American visit and experiences immensely.

The natural exuberance of his disposition and the unfailing courtesy of his manners were guarantees for his pleasure and gratefulness. He did everything in a grand way: to see him standing at a cigar counter, reaching his great hand into the box, and counting and paying for as many cigars as he could get his fingers around, was to see but a symbol of that grandness. At one party that I happen to know quite a bit about, he drank his ale as only one can drink it who thinks of such things as part of the bounty of a good earth, as something to be legitimately enjoyed.

There was never anything about him of that period when "science announced nonentity and art admired decay": if in his books there is nothing of *ennui*, in his manners, as we all remember him on that visit, there was a positive and affirmative sort of zest that would have made tedium impossible for him at all times. He never seemed to tire. Upon at least one occasion that I remember he talked for the better part of a whole night to a group that was entertaining him. And when one of my friends asked him how he ever did manage to get so much writing done, the great man sitting there like a god in his corner replied that it seemed to him all he ever did was loaf!

His was a picturesque figure as he came down the streets of South Bend, his great and massive frame, in its dark cloak, looming up suddenly in the midst of a welling crowd like some legendary reminder of the past. In my mind's eye I see him on those streets still, or climbing the difficult steps up to Charles Phillips' rooms in the high tower, or getting out of his automobile by firmly clutching the sides of the seats and then backing out of it. I shall, of course, reread all of his books again; and, with my contemporaries, try to comprehend even more fully than I do now something of the influence of that mind upon our evasive world. But he will live more especially for me, always, on those streets and on that porch and on that platform as the man that I remember.

Upon the death of his friend Charles Phillips, the Chesterton who had been Professor Phillips' guest wrote: "Charles Phillips was a man who could not be mistaken. Charity shone from him like a visible light, and the great work he did on the history of Poland . . . was but one example of a general instinct of generosity for taking a handsome view of human problems, which was obvious in his contact with any student or stranger. I know one stranger at least who will never forget him." I know at least one stranger who will never forget Gilbert Keith Chesterton.

DON JOHN CHESTERTON

Green waves are leaping as the Papal ships return,
The bloody planks are trembling from the bowsprit to
the stern;
The gray sails are bellied and the winds are driving
home
Don John Chesterton who cleared the seas for Rome.

Upon the decks the broken rails and spars are cleared
away,
Below the decks an hundred men are toasting Victory's
day;
The arquebuses cleaned of smoke, the cannons are made
fast,
And Don John Chesterton is coming home at last.

The breast-plates and helmets and the swords are bur-
nished bright,
The plumes are streaming in the wind like purple birds
in flight;
The green tongues of poplar flame are leaping on the
shores
For Don John Chesterton is coming from the wars.

And now the port, festooned and gay, is just across the
bow,
An hundred thousand people shout for him upon the
prow;
His gallant figure steps ashore amidst their serenades,
And Don John Chesterton is home from the crusades.

NORBERT ENGELS

ELEGIE POUR FRANCOISE

Bright swan of song, how tedious the course
you drifted downward toward the eternal sea,
treading jade-lucent wavelets at the source
now music only in your memory;
past plumed, barbaric gold of ripening grain,
past the green island of cream lilies sweeping,
yours was the solitary way of pain,
lit momentarily with beauty, glimpsed through weeping.

This is the ultimate pain—
this, and no more;
so much you need not bear again;
at last to shut the door
on agony and gain to peace
and pangless liberty—
even from joy's swift lease
on anguish—death's ecstasy—

High rode the wind, pale stallion shod with fire,
reaving your cloud-spun feathers with black squalls
of storm; but dauntless leaped your heart's desire
beyond the cypress, sighing madrigals.
So many little feathered cries unheard
were lost upon the aftermath of storm.
Was there no answer—from some sunset bird,
winging in love to darkling nest and warm?

*Something lies dead—a lovely thing is slain;
soundless its passing as the velvet snows.
Softly at dusk the expiating rain
hammers the darkness down with silver blows. . . .*

MAURICE C. FIELDS

TE DEUM AT MATINS

Now is the earth made vocal with Thy glory,
Now does frail man give back antistrophe
Unto angelic choirs telling the story
Of Him Who was, Who is, and Who will be.
Now do Thy prophets and Thy pristine heroes
Lend us their voices and Thy Name confess,
Now white-robed victims of the hate of Neros
Crowd all about us as our God we bless.
O Christ! the Answer to the ancient dreaming—
O Christ! the Dream wise men but dream again—
O Christ! turning to Peter from men's scheming;
"But whom do you say I am?" . . . Christ! listen when
Peter still bids His cleaving tongue be loose:
"Tu Patris sempiternus es Filius."

SISTER MARY ST. VIRGINIA, B.V.M.

SEA SHORE

Here life and death are face to face;
Beauty, opposed to beauty, stands
In waves that spread their fluid lace
Over the stark and sterile sands
The centuries can never dull
The living emerald of the wave;
It is as freshly beautiful
As on that morning when God gave
It singing to a silent world.
It will not treasure on its breast
A lifeless thing—the dead are hurled
On alabaster shores to rest.

Time marks his passage on the earth:
The coast is brittle, ribbed and dry;
Beach houses loom in whitened dearth
Against the deep, cyanic sky.
Beyond the far reach of the tide
The sands inter the skeletons
Of fish the sea has cast aside,
And driftwood charred by countless suns.

Life vies with death upon the beach,
And each is beautiful as each.

ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

ATTRITION

Lord, let my quiet mouth be bruised
With music that I have not used.
The sweat is wasted to a stain;
The breath is caught and gone again;
And in the neediness of spring,
Forgive me, that I did not sing.

Lord, who founded the seed's desire
And broke it to a petalled fire,
Grounded the germ, decreed the fruit
Unto the music that was mute,
Forgive me, if I have not sung
When parched was the lip and stiff the tongue.
JOHN LOUIS BONN, S.J.

BOOKS

RED AND BROWN CAPTURE THE MASSES

BROWN BOLSHIEVISM. By Waldemar Gurian. Sheed and Ward. \$1.50

BITTER were the attacks of the National Socialist press against the Holy Father for associating, even remotely in his public utterance, Communism and National Socialism. "A blast of hatred against God," was the Pontiff's characterization of the former; "confusion of religion and politics," he termed the latter. The conjuncture touched a tender nerve; since National Socialism's paramount claim to the world's applause is its championship against Marxianism.

With already established reputation for his masterly study, *Bolshevism: Theory and Practice*, Dr. Gurian plunges into the heart of controversy with the proposition that Bolshevism is the common denominator of Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany, alike. Even with a certain degree of association in the American mind of the two regimes under the title of the totalitarian state, such a precise indictment startles the conventional point of view. To the Marxian, Gurian's thesis is a snare and a delusion. To the Hitlerite, it is an insult. To the American mind, already perplexed by uncanny resemblances it has discovered in the methods of those who are theoretically locked in mortal battle, this explanation spreads new scent on a long trail.

The thesis asserts that the conservative, bourgeois, traditionalist elements who welcome National Socialism as a restoration of order overlook the fact that "the methods by which the National Socialists rule the masses are identical with those employed by the Bolsheviks and must lead to a novel attitude towards the political and social order. This attitude is common to the Marxian Bolshevism of Russia and the anti-Marxian National Socialism of Germany. A particular political and social order is no longer regarded simply as such, but is made the center of man's entire existence and its claim to that position is supported on philosophic grounds."

As a consequence of Gurian's explanation, when there is a disorganized, confused state of society, accompanied by a collapse of faith in the moral order, such as France is immediately and the United States ultimately, threatened with, it makes little difference whether Bolshevism sweeps it from the Right or the Left; the same disintegration leads to the same ultimate tyranny, which in turn is vindicated by a perverted philosophy of life.

Extremely interesting, in view of his previous writings, are the elements of danger which Gurian sees in Brown Bolshevism as it rules over a technically developed and energetic Germany. A mere external struggle against National Socialism, he holds, "decides nothing. Alliances against Germany serve merely to provide fresh material for propaganda."

Is Gurian's identification of such apparent opposites correct? No one can say categorically, if there still remains substance to the idea espoused by some Catholic theologians that Nazism, despite its blemishes, is but a purifying process in the drama of national regeneration. But that substance has dwindled away so wofully in the glare of Nazism's recent parade of blood and treachery, that it can now be hardly dignified even with the title of a shadow. The thoughtful are apt to come around to the belief that Gurian has pretty well diagnosed the disease. As to the issue, this is "whether or no there are moral forces sufficiently strong to oppose to the Bolshevizing process—the exploitation of mass instincts in the interests of political power—of which

the Soviet Union and the Third Reich are the representatives in our contemporary world, a resistance which is not merely political."

Whether or not one accepts the full width of all Gurian's conclusions, his lucid, close-packed analysis is an invaluable auxiliary to the Catholic student of Bolshevism. JOHN LAFARGE.

DISTRIBUTISM OR SLAVERY

THE RESTORATION OF PROPERTY. By Hilaire Belloc. Sheed and Ward. \$1.50

HERE is a small volume which should be immediately adopted as the chief textbook by every study club now engaged in the study of the encyclical on social justice. Its thesis is economic liberty—a particularly timely topic, what with the six Presidential candidates and the Supreme Court all having a great deal to say on the subject. The main defect of the book is that it deals only with the restoration of property in England, and so fails to show how its proposals could be adapted for the United States and fitted into the framework of the American Constitution. But of course, this is not really a defect at all; the aforementioned study clubs will probably find opportunities for stimulating discussion in their attempt to Americanize the author's proposals.

Insecurity and insufficiency can be eliminated in two ways, says Mr. Belloc. The first way is the Servile State, a capitalist form of society in which the controlling minority supports the vast majority of the dispossessed by exploiting them at a wage, or by keeping them alive in idleness by a subsidy. The second way is Communism, a system in which the means of production are controlled by officers of the state who are the masters of all the workers, and produced wealth is distributed among the families or the individuals.

But while the citizen achieves stability in either one of these states, the price he must pay is freedom. He becomes a slave. His subsistence is doled out to him, but his economic liberty has disappeared.

There is, however, a third form of society, one in which security and sufficiency can be combined with freedom. This is the Proprietary State. It is a society in which property is well distributed and a large proportion of families own, and therefore control, the means of production. Mr. Belloc now poses two questions: How shall we restore property so that it shall become (as it once was) a general institution? And then how shall we prevent well-distributed ownership from lapsing again into a capitalist society?

Specifically this means helping the small man against the great man and deliberately handicapping the big man in favor of the little. It means re-establishing the small craftsman, the little shopkeeper, and at the same time, curbing the chain and department store and the big manufacturer. It means, too, creating the largest possible number of corporation stockholders and preventing the concentration of large blocks under one control. It means above all the restoration of property in land, the re-establishment of the peasant.

The means suggested by the author to effect his reformation are chiefly two: Differential Taxation, which would advantage the little man over the big man; and secondly, the Guild, not the unprotected guild arising spontaneously (which would soon be killed off by predatory capitalism), but the guild chartered and established by positive law.

Mr. Belloc is careful to say that he is proposing no

general scheme for the restoration of freedom and property, and he admits furthermore that the reconstruction of economic freedom in our present wage-slave society is almost impossible of achievement. Indeed, he is rather gloomy about it. He fears it is almost impossible to start even the beginnings of a change. Yet, he insists, we must make the choice: property on the one hand or slavery on the other. There is no third issue.

GERARD DONNELLY.

SAINT OF AVILA

THE DUST OF HER SANDALS. By A. DeCastro Albarran. Translated by Sr. Mary Bernarda, B.V.M. Benziger Brothers. \$2

ST. TERESA of Avila is one of God's most fascinating and lovable saints. Though the white light of her sanctity and the warm glow of her humanness have been refracted through a thousand studies and biographies they have never been extinguished nor consumed. They still live with the freshness that marked the saint's own soul as it shone in her later years through the wrinkled, sun-parched shell of her body. The present volume, the July selection of the Spiritual Book Associates, is no ponderously learned biography but a compact sheaf of clear and illuminating sketches written lyric-like primarily for the author's own pleasure. In simple prose—much of it sheer poetry—the little deeds, “the little things of St. Teresa, the dust of her sandals” are narrated with an artlessness and appeal reminiscent of the *Fioretti* of St. Francis.

Like the householder in the Gospel the writer brings forth from the treasures of Teresa's life *nova et vetera*. Incident after incident, picture after picture, each a beautiful miniature, is drawn. Some of the little stories which have at least the basis of historic truth will bring a smile to the reader's lips. Such is the tale of the saint sitting smiling and unperturbed before a preacher as he thundered anathemas on her name and work. Others will cause the throat to tighten and the eyes to brim. Of this kind are those which show Teresa breathing life into her little dead nephew, Teresa salting her bread with the bitterness of tears, Teresa old and weak and sick and yet roving the highways amid the hardships of the roads and the purgatories of the inns, Teresa dying.

Still others fill one with the awe which comes to human hearts when they stand before the naked supernatural. Such are the portions called *The Gift of the Lance* and *Relic and Reliquary*. But all of them, radiant with the freshness that a loving hand has imparted, show us Teresa the ecstatic and visionary nun, the mystic, the Saint who was still so eminently practical and sensible. Some of the fragrant perfumes that poured from her soul—which she herself said was like a brazier—have penetrated the pages of this book. In it visions of beauty and simplicity pass before our eyes and touch our hearts.

RICHARD L. ROONEY.

BRIEF GLANCE AT OTHER BOOKS

ELLEN EWING: WIFE OF GENERAL SHERMAN. By Anna McAllister. Benziger Brothers. \$3.50

THIS is an important contribution to American history. For one thing it sheds new light on the character of Sherman. For another it puts an end to the canard that he was somewhat unhappy in his home life and not a little harassed by the Catholic religion of his wife. The book's most signal achievement, however, is the limning of a remarkable woman, whose eventful and interesting life has been too long hidden from the public gaze. Interposing deft comment of her own wherever necessary, Mrs. McAllister is content to let Ellen's let-

ters tell their story, a gripping story in which the interest never lags. We are thus enlightened and entertained by something that might almost be called the *Memoirs of Mrs. Sherman*. There is revealed the soul of a valiant Catholic woman, whose destiny it was to move among the great celebrities of her time.

BY PACIFIC MEANS. By Manley O. Hudson. Yale University Press. \$2.50

AS one of the creators of the Covenant of the League of Nations and a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration, Professor Hudson's views on pacific settlements of international disputes are authoritative and of deep interest to students of international relations. This brief volume (consisting of addresses delivered at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts College in March, 1935) treats of the law of pacific settlement prior to 1914, pacific settlement through the League of Nations and through the Permanent Court of International Justice, or World Court, and of treaties on pacific settlement since 1920. Professor Hudson's explanations clear up a great variety of misconceptions confronting the World Court. He notes that this influence is manifest not merely in the cases which have come before it but also in the settlement of numerous cases which have never reached its bar. Indeed it is generally received today “as a foundation source of twentieth-century international law.” In spite of contemporary pessimism Professor Hudson is hopeful that the developments which have been going on amidst the storms and counter-currents during the post-war period will continue. While the great advances made in fifteen years are not an absolute guarantee of peace in years to come, yet there is hope that the crown acquired will not be lost and that steady progress will be made. Texts of the principal constitutional documents are appended.

THERESA NEUMANN OF KONNERSREUTH. By C. E. Roy and W. A. Joyce. B. Herder Book Co. \$1.25

TO those who are looking for an introduction rather brief and moderate in tone to the facts in the Konnersreuth case or who are desirous of bringing their information up to date this book may be recommended. It is the result of collaboration between Father Roy, a priest of Quebec who has personal knowledge of the famed stigmatic and has previously published a work on her in French, and of Father Joyce, of London. The first twelve chapters give a summary account of the facts. “If her case is one of real stigmatization, it must be regarded as the most extraordinary case of its kind.” The following five points are signalized as peculiar and distinctive of Theresa Neumann as a stigmatic and visionary: sanguinary lacrimation; flexibility of body and sense-activity during the periods of vision, as if she were actually seeing and hearing what she is contemplating; liability to be rapt in ecstasy at the sight of natural beauty; and, lastly, knowledge of foreign languages. Then follows a chapter entitled, *Impressions Felt by Visitors*. She seems to be a singular combination of the ordinary, outside of times of ecstasy, and of the extraordinary. The efforts made by unfriendly critics to discredit her are described, as are also the reactions of certain scientists who have interested themselves in her. The book closes with a chapter on the attitude of the Church. The authors feel in conclusion that “Konnersreuth is a message of God to men.”

LET THE KING BEWARE! By Honoré Morrow. William Morrow & Co. 2.50

THIS historical novel, which carries us into the England that immediately preceded the final break with the Colonies, complements the stories of the American side of the struggle to which we have been accustomed. A unique phase of the book is the portrait of George III. Instead of the usual stupid, blundering, stubborn, half-mad man we knew in our schoolboy days he is limned in these pages as an intelligent, sincere king, anxious for the salvation of the empire. Very readable romance.

THEATER

THIS is an occasion when I roll up my sleeves, grip my pen with special zest, and *tell all*. I am slightly handicapped by the fact that in my original comments on the plays mentioned, I told all I thought about them at the time; but one of the advantages of dramatic criticism is that the reviewer, after reviewing, thinks of so many more things that might have been said, and can say them later. The theatrical post-mortem, on which all of us so passionately insist, is in large part written to clear the minds of the critics of miscellaneous odds and ends.

Let us begin, then, in a brisk and business-like way, by classifying the season's worst plays into three divisions: the worst plays morally; the worst plays artistically; and the plays which fall under both these heads.

Without an instant's hesitation I give the palm for the worst play morally to *Russet Mantle*, one of the year's so-called big successes. This is the drama I swatted with all the strength I had when it first showed its ugly head. It is the play in which the young hero and heroine, both wholly promiscuous and unmoral in their love affairs, started "a brave new world" according to most of the press reviewers, by falling into each other's arms within twelve hours of their first meeting and eventually having an illegitimate child. In the interval of these activities they incessantly voiced a philosophy which was as half-baked as it was decadent. The transcendent humor of the piece, greeted with howls of merriment at every performance, lay in the comments made by the young girl's mother on her daughter's shame.

I devoted so much attention to this play in my original review of it that I need add little more. Having run all season, it has greatly enriched its author and producer and has poured the sewage of its philosophy into thousands of young and probably receptive minds.

Another so-called success, *One Good Year*, is pressing closely in my consciousness for first place in indecency. That play ran all winter and spring. It sets forth the experience of a girl, previously virtuous, who for three thousand dollars, agrees to have a baby and give it to another woman who wants one. The rare humor of this comedy turns on the quest for a suitable father for this child. Not much imagination is required to realize the lengths to which a certain type of producer would go in this situation.

This one takes them all in his stride and tosses in for good measure a woman physician whose acting and manner suggest the remaining indecencies the pair dared not put into words. And yet it is hard to imagine anything unpleasantly suggestive which they did not put into words throughout the action of the play. Why that particular "comedy" was allowed to remain on exhibition all winter and Spring I cannot explain. Perhaps as a congenial little companion for *Russet Mantle*. Certainly the two of them are close rivals as claimants for the title of the worst play on my list.

Indeed, they are so thoroughly bad and so flagrant an affront to decency that most of the other bad plays for the season take on a pock-marked whiteness when compared with them. Without much reflection I can suggest the third in line as candidate for the averted eye and the uplifted nose, *The Case of Clyde Griffith*. This drama, adapted from Theodore Dreiser's *American Tragedy*, was to me a new record in weak morals, weak writing, and weak production. In craftsmanship it leads the third division of my classification. Its morals were perhaps no worse than those of many other plays. Its hero had an unlimited love affair with a girl and eventually murdered her because he wanted to marry another girl. Its special offense was that the author obviously

sympathized with this particularly repellent cad, and as obviously expected the audience to do so.

The production was highly ambitious, and incidentally an invaluable lesson in what not to do in stage presentation. There was even a "Speaker" planted in the aisle to tell the audience what the play was all about. The sole redeeming feature of this innovation by the Theater Union was that the audience's intense resentment of the Speaker's presence sometimes diverted its mind from what was happening on the stage, which was a definite gain. For the rest *The Case of Clyde Griffith* was just too bad. Its run was mercifully brief.

It was not so merciful, and not so brief, however, as were the runs of various other plays, bad artistically or morally or both, for the season gave us several varieties of surprises. It not only offered us some of the best, most interesting, and most worthwhile plays we have had in years, but it set a new high in the prompt death of many plays which should not have been offered.

There were, for example, *Slightly Delicious*, and *Truly Valiant*, which expired in one night; *Satellite* and *Them's the Reporters* died after the second performance. *Star Spangled*, *O*, *Evening Star*, *Granite*, *Hallowe'en*, *Black Widow*, and *Searching for the Sun* gave up the ghost in a week. Their death rattles were audible from the start. George M. Cohan made a brave effort to keep his *Dear Old Darling* alive by blood transfusions, but its case, too, was hopeless. Anne Nichols followed the same tactics to save her *Pre-Honeymoon*, but her transfusions were financial and the play is still running as I write. Gus Edwards dropped eleven thousand dollars before he dropped *The Sho-Window*, which was extremely good vaudeville, though it lasted only a fortnight or so.

Probably in all these calamities to playwrights and producers, the greatest surprise of the season was Miss Nichol's play. As everybody knows she is the author of *Abie's Irish Rose*, which had an unparalleled run of five and one-half years. It netted a big fortune for her, much of which she has unwisely spent in producing other plays. Her latest production, *Pre-Honeymoon*, comes dangerously near winning first place on all lists of the most trivial and inconsequential offerings of the season, but she gave it a cast and faith worthy of a better vehicle.

We had other surprises, of course. Clemence Dane's *Granite* was one of them. How so good a writer as she is can so persistently put on dramatic failures is hard to understand. *Granite* disappointed a lot of people. We could not understand, either, the taking off of *Parnell* in the midst of what seemed a prosperous run, nor its unexpected revival when the season was practically over. I personally shall never know why *Kind Lady*, in which Grace George made such a brilliantly successful beginning, did not remain with us all season, nor why *Night in the House*, one of the most thrilling and beautifully acted of the year's melodramas did not linger.

When all is considered, I am afraid we must give the booby prize to a play called *Private Affairs*, into which Oscar Shaw vainly tried to instill some of his own abounding vitality. But *Private Affairs* set its own unique record by dying nightly in the presence of its small audiences. It was, however, in one detail, like certain characters in another and a really big play, *Bury the Dead*. It simply would not be interred. Night after night, for a couple of weeks, its characters stood up in their waiting graves and delivered their lines. The achievement was equally hard on players and audiences. Both are now at rest, thanks be.

It is time to mention that *Tobacco Road* is still running. In dirt and decadence it is a worthy climax to a list that begins with *Russet Mantle* and *One Good Year*.

ELIZABETH JORDAN, D. LITT.

FILMS

THE CRIME OF DOCTOR FORBES. A controversy which was recently worth many headlines to the daily press is effectively revived in this picture, a dramatization of the pros and cons of so-called "mercy murder." The film may, perhaps, serve as an antidote to the blatant emotionalism which seized many proponents of the rather drastic "cure" in the heat of its lurid exploitation by the newspapers. It is the story of a young doctor accused of murdering an eminent colleague under whom he was engaged in research. During the trial which follows, medical opinion is brought forth to condemn the plea, offered by the defendant, that he had eased his superior out of a painful existence—exhibiting, thereby, rather a bloody benevolence. However, the fact that he had also annexed the affections of the dead man's wife begins, midway in the trial, to look like a first class motive for murder and the young doctor is forced to change his plea and prove the death a suicide in order to save himself.

The special interest of the picture, which is, otherwise, a routine job, lies in its theme and the final judgment it makes in the matter of murder, in despite of its being given a sort of sinister medical prestige and a graceful Greek name. The emotional, one prefers hysterical, element in the film, in the person of a woman struggling to help her lover, is vastly insufficient to offset the calm, reasoned testimony of medical men that euthanasia must be condemned. To kill a man with, or out of kindness, is still murder. The romantic entanglement in the story proves innocent enough and the honesty of the producers in espousing the right rather than the sentimental is to be applauded.

By reason of the maturity of the problem, however, it should, along with the traditional matches and razor blades, be kept out of reach of the impressionable children. They are, like many of their elders, governed wholly by unstable emotions and liable to find logic dull but love triumphant. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

POPPY. It is obviously useless to praise W. C. Fields in his new starring picture, since everyone knows, who has ever seen that bulbous nose thwacked by a loose floor-board and listened to that landlady-baiting drawl, that Mr. Fields is the funniest rough-and-tumble comedian in the business. It is also true that what little plot there is to *Poppy* is not very important and does not greatly interfere with the antics of the star. The film is, of course, strictly a one-man show and the other players wander through the threadbare story merely to give the production that crowded and prosperous air so dear to the movies.

If you have no recollections of the stage version to rely upon, *Poppy* is the success story of a foundling girl who is adopted and cared for, after hectic fashion, by a carnival roustabout. When the Professor, who is a man of parts, involves her in a scheme to claim the fortune of a long-lost heiress, distressing complications ensue. But at the height of their misfortunes, Poppy, as if by prearranged signal with the author of this stirring drama, is proclaimed the honest-to-goodness heiress after all. The synopsis is not meant to make the reader enthusiastic; that is left to Mr. Fields. (*Paramount*)

MEET NERO WOLFE. After watching Edward Arnold dabbling in orchid-culture and intuitionist sleuthing, one wonders why this excellent actor is wasted in an uneven and unexciting mystery "thriller" of this sort. As the private investigator who uncovers dread deeds while a voluntary exile in his midtown house, Arnold does what he can for the plot, which is poor in substance, poorer in humor. I suggest, with apologies to S. S. Van Dine (who, by the way, didn't write it) that the story be renamed. (*Columbia*)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS.

EVENTS

SIGNS telling autoists not to have accidents were widely disobeyed. Last week two disasterless autoists got medals. The suspicion that drivers prefer medals to accidents underlies this newer strategy in safety campaigns. For every thirty-eight bumpless years, a driver will receive one gold medal. It is believed the fear of not getting a medal will fortify the autoist when strongly tempted to have a collision.... Annoyed by the full moon, an Eastern firebug acted incendiarily each month. The influence of the moon on him started fire engines in motion. Relationship between fire engines and the moon was never suspected, scientists admitted.... Business took on a healthier tan. Junk magnates reported brisker trade throughout the junk world.... The number of unemployed mules decreased. Mules, hard hit by the depression, were now getting plenty of work, mule connoisseurs indicated.... Animals moved on two fronts. In California, a baboon bit a girl.... In the East, a porcupine, trying to be a quill killer, attacked a man.... One unidentified dog bit four anti-Semites.... A Chicago cat-hater willed money for candy to fellow cat-haters.... The world of fashion sculptured innovations.... Backless shirts for men appeared in New Jersey. Experts outlined the shirt of the future. It will be backless, frontless, air-conditioned.... Green skull caps, gaudy plaid trousers, must be worn by lobbyists, according to a Louisiana bill. The American Lobbyists' Association assails the bill as frustrating the pursuit of happiness....

Russia continued copying bourgeois practices. The renting of soiled sheets to railroad passengers was spreading.... The former Henry VIII was becoming unpopular in the Orient. Gazing at the King's wax figure, a Persian sheik exclaimed: "I don't like this big fat man who killed his wives."... European Dukes and Counts residing in the United States formed a Noblemen's Union, demanded a closed shop against phoney fops.... Wide-spread study of the problem-child has caused neglect of the problem-parent, sociologists held. An alarming increase in the number of problem-parents spread anxiety. No nation can long endure, it was held, which contains a large problem-parent admixture.... The German Zeppelin flew low over English airports and military stations. The Germans liked it but the English didn't. A nation's jurisdiction in the air has never been determined. Some firmament students end it at the Milky Way; others at the stratosphere. England's future anthem may be: "Britania rules the Milky Wayve."

Citizens continued making a mockery of marriage.... A childless couple obtaining a divorce fought over the custody of a pup. The man will be allowed to walk the canine now and then. The woman will raise it, however. There was a prospect neighbors might shoot it.... In Reno, it takes three years to get on relief; only six weeks to obtain a divorce.... Twelve thousand Virginia high-school students could not name the four Gospels; ten thousand could not name three of Christ's disciples. Elders were amazed. Yet it is all very simple. Public-high-school students no longer know their religion because they are no longer taught their religion.... After bellowing to the whole world that the Russian people will have elections, Joseph Stalin quietly admitted he would avoid any electoral system that would allow anybody to defeat the Government. The betting is Joe will be reelected.... In Russia, a young girl, parachute jumper, addressing a meeting of young women, said: "I have flown high in the air and made many jumps and I never saw any god or angels." Laughter and applause greeted her remarks.... Around the world hundreds of thousands of young Catholic girls are entering Religious life. They have seen God and the angels. THE PARADER